RECRUITING SERJEANT,

MUSICAL ENTERTAINENT,

AS IT IS PERFORMED

THE TARE BELLET.

ROYALTY-THEATRE,

WELLCLOSE-SQUARE.

LONDON:

Scent & Courtey Place.

Printed by H. D. STEEL, No. 51, LOTHBURY,
For J. GRIFFITHS, PROMPTER.
M.DCC.LXXXVII.

RECRUITING SHRIP W

Dramatis Perfonæ.

SERJEANT, S TA Mr. Bannifter.

CAMP PRESCRIBED

COUNTRYMAN, Mr. W. Palmer

WIFE,

Miss Burnett.

MOTHER C. 2 - 3 2 O Mrs. Burnett. W.

SCENE A COUNTRY PLACE.

LONDON.

Printed by H. D. Serie, Mar et. Corners, S. For J. G. R. I. P. F. T. M. S. Promerra.

M,PCO,EXXXIII

THE

nown and

Recruiting Serjeant.

Adds fiell, I'll go with blue.

Scene, the View of a Village, with a Bridge: on one Side, near the Front, a Cottage; on the other, at the Foot of the Bridge, an Ale-bouse. When the Curtain rises, two Light-horsa Mens, supposed to be on their march, are discovered, sitting at the Ale-bouse Door, with their Arms against the Wall, their Horses at some distance. The Serjeant then passes with his Party over the Bridge; Drums and Fises playing; and afterwards the Countryman, his Wife, and his Mother, come out from the Cottage.

QUARTETTO

Come beat away a Royal March.

A L'L gallant lads, who know no fears,

To the drum-head repair imag on to

To ferve the king for volunteers,

Speak you, my boys, that dare, and many

Come, who'll be a grenadier? siden to and

The lifting-money down,

Is three guineas, and a crown,

To be fpent in punch, or beet.

RECRUITING SERJEANT.

COUNTRY MAN.

Adds flesh, I'll go with him.

MOTHER.

Oh no.

a H T

Dear Joe. 15

COUNTRYMAN.

Adds flesh, I'll go with him.

The m the

Scene, the View of a Village, while a Bridge : on one lide,

near the Fronts a Cottage, and the beher, at the Feet, of Oh no!

COURTER

to de tout the trace und reserve und on their merch, an

the Bridge, an Ale-bouse,

Adds flesh, but I will : dt to green, bereverth So hold your tongues still.

Nor mother, nor wife, Thof they strive for their life, Shall baulk't; an my fancy be fo. hearty the Conage.

SERJEANT

Come beat away a Royal March. Rub, rub, rub a dub; Rub, rub, rub a dub abal analys. I. I Of no poltroons I come in fearch, oT Who cowardly fneak; of gain ad eviet oT. When the tongues of war fpeak toy hand? But of noble fouls, who death dare flands Against the foes of Old England, will ad I I'll Is three enureus, and a crown,

To be tpeny is punch, or been

See Level Mere.

COUNTRYMAN.

I'll be a foldier, fo that's flat,

A. 2.

You won't, you won't,

COUNTRYMAN.

What would the reazing toads be at

MOTHER.

You graceless rogue, Is your heart a stone?

Co. vourfelf-defroy.

I'm flesh of your flesh, And bone of your bone.

COUNTRY MAN.

Zounds, let me alone, gow I gowers

A fed about soft and affering would no do.

Drums strike up a stourish, and follow me now All honest hearts and clever:

Free quarrers and beer at the sign of the Plow:
Huzza! King George for ever.

THE THE STREET STREET

COUNTRYMANAMAN

For both or either, to real sages the sages

B 20 S ov'b addubb SCENE

What fays my corle

Such pleaces are na for the lookes o'me.

'n

RECRUITING SERJEANTS

TERRETAIN

A. M. C.

S C E N E II.

The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Mother, the Wife ; some of the Party go into the Ale-bouse with the Lightborse Men.

COUNTRYMAN

Hip, Measter Serjeant. and a month of the

WIFE

Go, yourself destroy.

And bone of Tod And bak

I'm delh of your field

What fays my cock!

COUNTRYMAN.

Mayhop I wants employ! The shows

A lad about my foize, though, wou'd na' do.

Promis finde .T was a find agent to war and annual

Ay, for a colonel.ela line armadi lianod IIA.

COUNTRYMAN.

And a coptain too!

SERIEANT.

For both or either.

COUNTRY MAN.

But, I doubts, d'ye feet

Such pleaces are na' for the loikes o'me.

SERJEANT.

RECRUITING SERJEANT

SERIE DEDCE STEEL AS

Already his pay,

List for a foldier, first, ne'er fear the rest:
This guinea

For gad if I san Tom

Joe, his curied gold detest.

Art not ashamed, an honest man to tice?

The king should knaw it.

COUNTRYMAN.

Who wants your advice?

AIR

MOTHER.

Out upon thee, wicked locust,

Worse in country nor a plague;

Men by thee are hocust, pocust,

Into danger and satigue:

And the Justices outbear thee

In thy tricks, but I don't fear thee,

No, nor those that with thee league.

My son has enough at home,

He needs not for bread to roam;

Already

4 RECRUPTING SERIEADOS

Already his pay,

s twelve-pence a day,

His honest labour's fruits.

Then get thee a trudging quick,

For gad, if I take a stick,

I'll make thee repent,

When here thee wert sent,

A drumming for recruits.

COUNTRY MAN.

Who wadte your advice?

AIL



Out upon thee, violed locust,

Worse in country nor a plague;

Men by thee are hocust, pocust,

Into danger and fatigue;

And the Justices outbear thee

In thy tricks, but I don't four thee,

Wo, nor those that with three league.

My son has enough at horse,

He needs not sor bread to roam,

1

B

NAME AND ASSOCIATION OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

Oh could you bear to view,
Your little Tom and Sue,
Ta'en up Of crois o'creur? 2

The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Wife is the Mother going into the Cottage, returns with three little Children.

You cannot have the heart,
With these Aday Aday Aday A. D. D.
For field phod a haloma con lucy throw and With richer friends that we,
And prouder was a second at the second and a second and a second and a second and a second a s

Dawn't fwear at me.

WIFE. 110

Dear Joseph, what's come o'er thee, tell me, do!
Three babes we have, I work for them, and you;
You work for us, and both together earn,
What keeps them tight, and puts them out to learn.
But, if a foldiering you're bent to roam,
We all shall shortly to the parish come;
And the church-wardens, no one to befriend us,
Will, for the next thing, to the workhouse send us.
Thee know'st at workhouse how poor solks are serv'd,
Bill, Tom, and Susan, will be quickly starv'd.

SCENE

RECAUTING SERIEANIP

Afreside his pay,

AIR.

Oh could you bear to view,
Your little Tom and Sue;
Ta'en up by cross o'erseers:
And think that helpless I

- Will situl Have nothing but my tears? out one group

You cannot have the heart,
With them and me to part, o o

For folks, you know not what a now and?
With richer friends than we,
And prouder you may be;
But none will prove fo truew and at abnuon

Taking a Boy and Girl, one in each Hand:

WIFE

Dear Joseph, what's come o'er thee, tell me, do:
Three habes we have, I work for them, and you;
You work for us, and be throughther earn,
What keeps them tight, and puts them out to learn.
But, if a foldiering you're bent to roun,
We all shall shortly to the parish come;
And the church-warkens, no one to befriend us,
Will, for the next thing, to the workhouse send us.
Thee know'st at workhouse how poor folks are serv'd,
Mill, Tom, and Susan, will be quickly stary'd.

AIR

SCENE

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TI

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Ay

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You

Girl

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Round us in the freezh an,

8 C'E'N E' ÎV.

The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Motherida H

SERJEANT.

Your name, to enter on my muster roll;
To Justice Swear em, then, to take our oath:

Tell us a linde about that:

SERJEANT.

Do you be kill:

SERJEANT.

The finest life that goes;
Free quarters ev'ry where ——

COUNTRYMAN.

Ay, that we knows.

What a chaming what a gallet

Then wenches!

Z

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De

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W

The

Lien

JE

Crack, crick, crack, the cannons r. Ev'ry heart AM X AT. N U O O

You've free quarters too, with they is salw this W. Girls love the redocoats men and another in T. C. S. P. I.

RECRUITING SER VEGNE

SERJEANT.

Gad, and well they may.

COUNTRYMAN.

But when to fareign wars your men refort The Serjeant, the County Fransland a organithgis

in world you bill to wa

SERJE ANT.

Comrade, your hande I love a la stropport after a til

Your name, to enter on my muller sell.
To Judice Swear em, then, to take out of

Tell us a little about that.

Hold, Sureant, holk with selfan enough for both. I will. If I've a moind to lift, I'll lift, d'ye fee ;

Bur some discourse first, Belows vow and me. A fouldier's life-

Don't listen to him, Joe!

COUNTRYMAN.

Do you be still.

The lineft life that goes; Free quarters eviry where --

A I R.

SERJEANT. awood w tall MA What a charming thing's a battle! Trumpets founding, drums a beating; Then wer Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle. Ev'ry heart with joy elating. With what pleasure are we spying post av not From the front and from the rebe; and avol alito

Found

RECAULTING SHAJBANTS 11

Round us in the smoaky air,
Heads, and limbs, and bullets, slying!
Then the grouns of soldiers dying:
Just like sparrows, as it were,
At each pop,
Hundreds drop;
While the musters protele protele.

While the muskets prittle prattle:
Kill'd and wounded,

What a charming thing's a battle!

But the pleasant joke of all,

Is when to close attack we fall;

Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, stabbing, maining, cutting;

Horse and foot, fool most woll woll woll and took woll.

Kill's the word, both men and cattle;

Then to plunder:

Blood and thunders A I A A ?

What a charming thing's a battle! How young no

Why need there more be faid?
But may'nt I happen too to lole my head?

s cathe cloth, the man s CENE

COUNTRYMAN.

the most of mingle, knowledge to a

Let me fee h your head, my buck! I was to the

COMMENT.

T

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The

YOU

Girl

OWN

12' RECRUITING DERJEANT

Round us in the smoaky air, Heads, and limbs, and bullets, flying!

Just like sparrows, as it were,

At each pop,
Hundreds dyp; A B C E.
While the mulkets prittle prattie:

Kill'd and wounded,

G

So

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I faw

Tof

But ;

The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Mothery che Wife.

What a charming thing's a battle !

But the pleasant joke of Plo M

Call you this charming? Tis the work of hell.

Shooting, flabbing a ming a ming ;

How do'ft thou like it Joe? foot and from Short

Why pretty well.

Then to plunder:

| See | F | See |

What a charming thing's a battle! Ilsw yring But

COUNTRY MAN.

Why need there more be faid?
But may'nt I happen too to lose my head?

SERJEANT.

who are thing a tractic !

country and putchase made

Your head!

STREET, STREET, STREET,

COUNTRY MAN.

Ay.

SIRJEANT.

Let me see! your head, my buck!

COMNTRY-

RECAULTINGOSETJENGTS

COUNTRY MAN.

Ay, ay, mafter Serieant, I with you toot time to gal A You've no need at prefent, I thank you, to flav, My flamach for battles of the from me, I trow : When it comes back again, Isaul boog ov 'you' in and W

Good luck ! C: lift as long as you lift : !! His coudget, or lift as long as you lift : !! But as for this fighting,

Which some take dei W Ana L A a.

The chance of whe is doubtfuhffill on bus midtell sidT Soldiers must run the risk on ov I noiseabling no

> To be the partaker of any fuch fun. I'll c'en ftay at home in my viller o

And carry no arms but for tillage .. liw tath yam year My wounds shall be made,

Why, how now, Joseph fure you mean to jeffel 1979 11

A finger or fo Shou'd one wound. AM Y T I U U O S

I have thought twice, and fecond thoughts are belt no I Shew-folks with beaftis to our village came, yam and T And hung at door a picture of their game hisly on tull Bears, lions, tygers, there were four or five; And all so like, you'd fwear they were alive. A gaping at the cloth, the mon spied me, For two-pence, friend, you may walk in, fays he; But, gad, I was more wife, and walked my way; I faw fo much for naught, I would not pay. To fee a battle thus, my moind was bent; But you've so well described it, I'm content.

SERJEANT.

AT REPRESENTATION OF THE ANTA

countain Rango

Ay, ay, master Serjeant, I wish you good days to A You've no need at present, I thank you, to stay; My stomach for battle's gone from me, I trow; When it comes back again, I hutake care you shall know.

With cudgel, or fift, as long as you lift: | xoul book

Which fome take delight in 1 5 22

This flashing and smalling, with sword and with guniff On consideration, I've no inclination, our floor scrible? To be the partaker of any such fun. I'll e'en stay at home in my village,

And carry no arms but for tillage; Ill a tant yam yad?

My wounds shall be made,

With the scythe or the spade,

Why, how now Josephodusd human boold won work, whi

A finger or fo

Shou'd one wound, or a toe; The u oo

I have thought twice, and second the third a client for the follow follow with beastis to our vishing and year and the but on the hung at door a pine of sheat is not hung at door a pine of sheat is not hung at door a pine of sheat is not hung.

Bears, lions, tygers, there were four or five;
And all fo like, you'd tweat they were alive.
A gaping at the cloth, the mon fpied me, there were for two pence, friend, you may walk in, fays he;
But, gad, I was more wife, and walked my way;
I faw fo much for naught, I would not pay.

To fee a battle thus, my moind was bent;

SCENE JIM BOKST

The Countryman, the Wife, the Mother

Characters of Light-Hoofe Men Percents, and Consery

Gods, after which the Serjeant of a out with a Link-

le de Rings bealth

Countryman, the Nam 416 Me Mother, who kees

been tasking an the Dance.

Dear Joe! come intel

Mother, Wife, give o'et.

I fee the gentleman no harm littern

Wilt thee, boy of mine?

COUNTRY MAN.

Wife, give's the hand, and Mother give us thine.

Last night you dodg'd me to the alchouse, Jane;

I swore to be reveng'd——

WIFE.

I see it plain.

Status

COUNTRY MAN.

I fwore to be reveng'd, and vow'd, in fliotry of the To lift ma, to be even with thee for't.

But kifs me, now my plaguy anger's o'er.

Do, Serieant, pray nore tw

And I'll ne'er dodge thee to the ale-house more.

SCENE

MERCHANICAL REPORT AND AND ASSESSED.

You're hospited an oreleng, I think you to flay

My flasoria for bridg's government or I more

SCENE THE LAST.

Here is introduced an Entertainment of Dancing, in the Characters of Light-Horse Men, Recruits, and Country Girls, after which the Serjeant comes out with a Drinking Glass in his Hand, followed by his Party, to the Countryman, the Wife, and the Mother, who have been looking on the Dance.

SERJEANT.

Well, countryman, art off the lifting pin, avig chill Yet, wilt thou beat a march ? I be now a dean had

WIFE

Dear Joe! come in.

MOTHER

Hang-dog be gone, and tempt my boy no more

To fift ma, to be even with thee for't. But kifs me, now my Hat I wager's o'er.

Do, Serjeant, pray now.

SCENE

And I'll ne'er doding the ATR OF Soule more.

Mother, Wife, give o'er.

I see the gentleman no harm intends.

SERJEANT.

I fee it plain.

I!

T

Lo

La

Na; We

So

Kin

And

Her

He's

Lon

And

RECRUITING SERJEANT. 17

SERJEANT

1! Heav'n forbid; but let us part like friends. We've got a bottle here of humming ale. 'Tis the King's health? Dubley 103 off 39.4 ... To our measures give life :

COUNTRYMANOSHAW

And that I never fail a considerate of all Lord love, and bless him, he's an honest man.

SERTEANT.

Lads, where's your mulic?

COUNTRYMAN. III DILL COMA

Nay, fill up the can. We'll drink the Royal Family.

SERJEANT.

So do: King, Queen, and allaisme and morth und

CHORUS

COUNTRYMAN.

And Jane shall drink them too.

A I R.

Here's a health to King George; peace and glory attend him:

He's merciful, pious; he's prudent and just; Long life, and a race like himself, Heav'n fend him, And humble the foes to his crown in the duft.

Dieaw'n inield the iwe et plants from each rude vifitation.

areay bas out Die is the CHORUSA

CHORUS.

Beat drums, beat amain: Let the car-piercing fife To our measures give life; While each British heart, In the health bears a part, And joins the loyal strain, and and avol broad

Here's a health to the Queen; gracious, mild, and engaging,

Accomplish'd in all that a woman should own; The cares of her confort with foftness asswaging, Whose manners add splendor and grace to a throne.

CHORUS.

Beat drums, beat amain: Let the ear-piercing fife To our measures give life; While each British heart In the health bears a part, And joins the loyal strain. duc's a health to King Georgy s- p

Here's a health to those beautiful babes, whom the nation Lung life, and a race lace his good

Regards as a pledge from the fire it reveres; Heav'n shield the fweet plants from each rude visitation, And rear them to fullness of virtue and years.

CHORUS

and that I never

COLLOC

Which shot that

CHORUS.

Beat drums, beat amain:
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our measures give life;
While each British heart
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal strain.

SERJEANT.

Here's success to his Majesty's arms: ever glorious.

And great may they be, on the land and the main:

As just is their cause, may they still prove victorious,

And punish the rashness of France and of Spain.

CHORUS.

Beat drums, beat amain:
Let the ear-piercing fife.
To our measures give life;
While each British heart
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal strain.

F 1 N 1 S.

eckulting serietha.

CHORUS

Here themes, Leet relation less the the less the confidence of the less than Ville each Briefin heart in the health genry a pure And joins the loyal thrung.

STREETATE

tere's forces to his Majesty's urness ever glorious and great may they be, on the land and the maje is justile their cause, they they still prove victorious, and remain the rathers of France and of Spain.

CHORUS.

Dest dames best analin:

Let de de le construction de le construction

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